

## The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

The Russian eagle may be said to be suffering from two bad cases of headache.

The Boston Globe indulges in a Latin periphrasis. That will go all right in Boston.

Bernard Shaw says he is proud of his play, and it may even be that he is vain of those whiskers.

Chicago glassworkers have gone on strike, thus threatening the hotel clerks' diamond suit industry.

No one who reads the letters in a breach-of-promise case will have any fear that the age of romance is dead.

The two most popular flowers this fall are chrysanthemums and cauliflower. And they're about the same price.

A report from Seoul says the Korean emperor has agreed to Japan's terms. Evidently there are humorists in Seoul.

Mosquitoes do not spread yellow fever in winter time, according to the experts. They are too busy being dead, we suppose.

We have observed that when a man begins making \$100,000 a year he suddenly realizes that long ago he chose an aim in life.

A rival claimant to the throne of Russia has started up in one of the provinces. He must have an insatiable appetite for trouble.

Every actor who is struggling halfway up the ladder of success must rejoice to see the way Sarah Bernhardt orders her managers around.

Final decision between the rival claimants to be the first lady in New York's 400 may be delayed until King Edward visits Manhattan.

St. Petersburg now has a "Hooligan quarter," so called in the Russian papers. American is gradually becoming the universal language.

A contemporary speaks of the "ideal battleship." The ideal battleship consists largely of good guns and a good man behind every gun.

Jack Frost is the Russian government's faithful ally, now as in Napoleon's time. Even the most ardent revolutionist's blood is chilled by a blizzard.

The Chicago woman who threw \$15,000 of her money into the fire, and then used her husband for support, must have regarded her own cash as tainted.

Norway has the first Queen Maud on record. Now why can't King Alfonso go Norway one better by coming over here and picking out a Queen Daisie for Spain?

"I wonder," remarked Smith, "if there ever was a social function, pulled off with something to eat, at which the refreshments were not considered as 'delicious'?"

One Chicago septuagenarian has just been mulcted of \$15,000 for breach of promise and another has married a young girl. Our climate is certainly full of electricity.

In providing herself with a forty-horsepower automobile for her American tour Queen Margherita has assured herself a warm welcome in society's most exclusive circles.

A musical version of "Romeo and Juliet" is to be brought out in London, with Edna May as Juliet. It was Shakespeare himself who said: "To what base uses may we come."

Another of the few remaining survivors of the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava has just died in England, aged 78. According to our records, he is No. 1708. Expansive 690!

It is reported that the "elite" of Jersey City are shocked by the discovery that a "society man" is a professional burglar. No wonder. In Jersey it is safer and more profitable to be a trust.

Yale's share of the receipts for the football games with Princeton and Harvard will this year amount to \$50,000. Is it still difficult to guess why some people are opposed to the abolition of the game?

How many salaried men are there who after a day's figuring could answer the chief financial question that Secretary Shaw put to the clerks of his department: "How much are you worth above your debts?"

They are trying to find out over in New York why one of the political leaders drew \$50,000 in \$1 bills from a bank the day before election. Anyhow, he must have been one of the most popular men in Manhattan the next day.

A Massachusetts widower kissed a pretty woman on a trolley car and was fined \$10. After paying the fine he remarked that the kiss was worth the price. There's a trim fellow, forsooth! a philosopher with rare powers of discernment!

A French misogynist calculates that a woman 70 years old has spent nearly a year of her life before the mirror. He might busy himself now in calculating how many years of his life the average man spends before a barroom mirror with a glass in his hand.

We are giving medals for success in art, in life saving, in science, in philanthropy, but nobody seems to be offering any medals for millionaires. If you succeed in getting a million together, you can buy your own medals.

If the game were really football those Connecticut girls would not have won over the boys. Girls as a rule are not good at kicking, but when it comes to the tackle, which is nothing but an exaggerated hug, the fair players have everything in their favor.

A man in Butler county, Ohio, has a skunk farm, containing several hundred specimens of the mephitis Americana. If he can segregate the entire supply there will be no objections on the part of the country at large.

## JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders' Co"

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### CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Madam," said Werner, with dignity, "go to Kernsburg you must. The enemy is near to the city, and your Highness might fall into their hands."

"You have heard what I have said!" Joan tapped the oaken floor with her foot.

"But, madam, let me beseech you—"

Joan turned from her chief captain impatiently and walked toward the door of her private apartments. Werner followed his mistress, with his hands a little outstretched and a look of entreaty on his face.

"My lady," he said, "thirty years I was the faithful servant of your father—ten I have served you. By the memory of those years, if I have served you faithfully—"

"My father taught you little, if after thirty years you have not learned to obey. Go to your post!"

Werner von Orseln drew himself up and saluted. Then he wheeled about and clanked out without adding a word more.

For a moment after the door closed upon the men, Joan and Margaret stood in silence regarding each other. Suddenly Margaret ran impulsively to Joan, clasping her about the neck.

"I know," she said, looking up into her face.

With a great leap the blood flew to Joan's neck and brow, then she slowly added away, leaving her paler than before.

"What do you know?" she faltered, and she feared, yet desired to hear.

"That you love Conrad!" said Margaret, very low. "Joan, I am so glad—so glad!"

"Margaret, I am ashamed for ever—I am ashamed for ever!"

"Joan, you will yet be happy." The Duchess shook her head.

"It was best for us both that I should die—that is what I pray for."

"May heaven avert this thing—you know not what you say!"

And the two women went into the sitting room with arms still locked about each other's waists. And as often as their eyes encountered, they looked a little, as if tasting the knowledge which they had in common. When those of Joan of the Sword Hand were averted, and she blushed.

It was night in the city of Courtland, and a time of great fear. Ever and anon from the east, where were the camps of the opposed forces, there came a sound, heavy and sonorous, like distant thunder. Whereat the frightened wives of the burghers of Courtland said, "I wonder what mother's son lies a-dying now. Hearken to the talking of Great Peg, the Margrafs' cannon!"

At the western or Brandenburg gate there was yet greater fear. For the news had spread abroad that the city that a great body of horsemen had paused in front of it, and were being held in parley by the guard on duty, till the Lady Joan, Governor of the city, should be made aware.

The Governor of the city, roused from a rare slumber, leaped on her horse and went clattering with an escort through the unsleeping streets.

Looking out, Joan could see a dark mass of horsemen, while above them glinted in the pale starlight a forest of spearheads.

"Whence come you, strangers?" cried Joan.

"From Plassenburg we are!" came back the answer.

"Who leads you?"

"Captains Boris and Jorian, officers of the Prince's bodyguard."

"Let Captains Boris and Jorian approach and deliver their message."

"With whom are we in speech?" cried the unmistakable voice of long Boris.

"With the Princess Joan of Hohenstein, Governor of the city of Courtland," said Joan, firmly.

"Come on, Boris, those Courtland knaves will not shoot us now. That is the voice of Joan of the Sword Hand. There can be no treachery where she is."

"Ho, below there!" cried Joan. "Shine a light on them from the upper sally port!"

The lantern flashed out, and there, immediately below her, Joan beheld Boris and Jorian saluting as of old, with the simultaneous gesture which had grown so familiar to her during the days of Isen Rügen. She was moved to smile in spite of the soberness of the circumstances.

"What news bring you, good envoys?"

"We have brought the most part of the army."

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the surgeons in the care of those who had been brought back from the fatal battlefields of the Alia.

Theresa von Lynar rose to meet Joan as she entered. Silently the young girl beckoned her to follow, and they went out between long lines of pallets.

"Remember, when all is over I shall keep my vow!" Joan began, as they passed.

"And I also will keep mine!" responded Theresa briefly.

"I am Duchess and city Governor only till the invader is driven out," Joan continued. "Then Isen Rügen is to be mine, and your son shall sit in the seat of Henry the Lion!"

"And what of Prince Conrad?" asked Theresa quietly.

Joan was silent for a space, then she answered with her eyes on the ground.

"Prince Conrad shall rule this land as is his duty—Cardinal, Archbishop, Prince; there shall be none to deny him so soon as the power of the Muscovite is broken. He will be in full alliance with Hohenstein. He will form a blood bond with Plassenburg. And when he dies, all that is his shall belong to the children of Duke Maurice and his wife Margaret! I shall never marry!"

"God forbid," said Theresa, looking at her, "that such a woman as you should die without living!"

### CHAPTER XXX.

The Wooing of Boris and Jorian.

"Jorian," said Boris, adjusting his soft under-jerkin before putting on his body armor, "thou art the greatest fool in the world!"

"Hold hard, Boris," answered Jorian.

"My lords, have you blacked your eyes?"

"Honor to whom honor—thou art greater by a foot than I!"

"Well," said the long man, "let us not quarrel about the breadth of a finger nail. At any rate, we are the greatest fools in the world."

"There are others," said Jorian, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the women's apartments.

"A plague on all women!" growled the little fat man, his rubicund and shining face lined with uncustomed discontent. "A plague on all women I say! What can this Theresa von Lynar want in the Muscovite camp, that we must promise to convey her safe through the fortifications, and then put her into Prince Wasp's hands?"

"Think you that for some hatred of our Joan—or some purpose of her own (she loves not the Princess Margaret either), this Theresa would betray the city to the enemy?"

"Tush!" Jorian had lost his temper and answered crossly. "In that case, would she have called us in? It were easy enough to find some traitor among these Courtlanders, who, to obtain the favor of Prince Louis, would help to bring the Muscovite in."

"Well," sighed his companion, "tis well enough said, my excellent Jorian, but all this does not advance us an inch. We have promised, and at eleven o'clock we must go. What hindrance, though, that we have a bottle of Rhinisch now?"

Thus in the hall of the men-at-arms in the Castle of Courtland spoke the two partners of Plassenburg. All the time they were busy with their attire, Boris in especial making great play with a tortoiseshell comb among his tangled locks. Somewhat more spruce was the arraying of our twin comrades-in-arms than we have seen yet. Perhaps it was the thought of the dangerous escort duty upon which they had promised to venture forth that night; perhaps—

"May we come in?" cried an arch voice from the doorway. "Ah, we have caught you. There—we knew it! So said I to my sister not an hour ago. Women may be vain as peacocks, but for prinking, dandifying vanity, committed me to a pair of foreign war captains. My lords, have you blacked your eyelashes yet, touched your eyebrows, scented and waxed those beautiful mustaches? Sister, can you look and live?"

And to the two soldiers, standing stiff at attention, with their combs in their hands, the sisters Anna and Martha Pappenheim, more full of mischief than ever, and entirely unsubdued by the presence of the invader at their gates.

"Russ or Turk, Courtlander or Frankonian, Jew proselyte or dweller in Mesopotamia, all is one to us. So be they! We will tie them about our little fingers!"

"Why," cried Martha, "whence this grand toilet? We knew not that you had friends in the city. And yet they tell me you have been in Courtland before Sir Boris!"

"Martha," cried Anna Pappenheim, with vast pretence of indignation, "what has gotten into you, girl? Can you have forgotten that martial carriage, those limbs incomparably knit, that readiness of retort and delicate sparkle of Wendish wit, which set all the table in a roar, and yet never bring the blush to maiden's cheek? For shame, Martha!"

"Hah hah!" laughed Jorian suddenly, short and sharp, as if a string had been pulled somewhere.

"Ho! ho!" thus more sonorously Boris.

Anna Pappenheim caught her skirts in her hand, and spun round on her heel on pretense of looking behind her.

"Sister, what was that?" she cried, looking beneath the settles and under the wide throat of her chimney. "Me-thought a dog barked."

"Or a gray goose cackled!"

"Or a donkey sang!"

"Ladies," said Jorian, who, being

the Town Jay Gould Founded.

Gouldsboro, Lackawanna county, Pa., which was named for the late Jay Gould, who was the founder of the town, he having operated a tannery at that place before he became either rich or famous, is a deserted village.

According to the report of School Superintendent Taylor of Lackawanna county, its public school has dwindled to a paltry attendance of fifteen pupils and its tanneries and sawmills have entirely disappeared.

Impressionistic.

Thomas stood beside Miss Brown, showing her how he'd draw a cow. As he whistled, he glanced from time to time at one grazing in a nearby yard.

"This is her nose I've just finished," he said, drawing a curved line.

"And her body you just make this way," he said, after a moment's observation, and drew another curved line.

"Now, here's her tail," and he placed a third curved line on the paper.

He looked at the drawing for a short time and then an embarrassed smile spread over his face.

"Perhaps you'd better call it a pump," he suggested.—Judge.

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vastly discomposed, must perforce try to speak with an affectation of being at his ease, "you are pleased to be witty."

"Heaven mend our wit on your judgment!"

"And we are right glad to be your butts. Yet have been accounted fellows of some humor in our own country and abroad."

"Why, then, did you not stay there?" inquired Marthe pointedly.

"It was not Boris and I who could not stay without," retorted Jorian, somewhat nettled, nodding towards the door of the gub d room.

"Well said!" cried Frank Anna. "He had you there, Marthe. Pricked in the white! Faith, Sir Jorian pinked us both, for indeed it was we who intruded into the gentlemen's dressing room. Excuse us! We will be in your office when and where we can. Our Princess hath been wedded, and needs us but once a week. Noble Wendish gentlemen, will not you engage us?"

(To be continued.)

### COULD DO MUCH WITH DOLLAR.

Small Boys' Imaginings as to Spend.

Three small boys were sitting under the umbrella, which was small, too.

The boys were rather ragged and so was the umbrella. Two long slits let through a scattering downfall of both sunbeams and showers from the clear blue sky, and at the end of one of the ribs the silk had become loose and was on its way up to the top.

But the three chums crowded close together and took turns sitting in the middle, holding the umbrella. Each was chewing on a stick of gum, and all were deliciously cozy and happy.

"If I had a dollar," said Pinky, "I'd buy us a great big umbrella that'd cover us up just as slick."

"My! I wish I did have a dollar, Pinky," said Dumpty.

"N! I wish so, too," said Popsy.

"If I had a dollar," said Dumpty, "I'd lay it out for gum. You kin buy a stick for a penny, and eat a whole hundred pennies for a dollar—so we'd have a hundred sticks of gum. Think of that!"

"My! I wish I did have a dollar, Dumpty," said Popsy.

"N! so do I, too," said Pinky.

"If I had a dollar," said Popsy, "I'd buy streaked ice-cream with it, and we'd set here all so snug and eat that ice-cream right straight up every single bit! There, sir!"

And Pinky and Dumpty cried out with one voice:

"My! I wish I did have a dollar, Popsy!"—Little Folks.

Favorite Russian Dishes.

Russians are great mistresses in the art of preparing vegetables and fruits, as, on account of the severe winters, it is necessary for them to lay in great stores. Perhaps the most curious are preserved Russian cucumbers, about three inches long and in shape resembling dwarf vegetable marrow. These are placed in a two-gallon stone jar in layers, divided from each other by leaves of the oak, cherry tree and black currant.

The first and last named are supposed to give a pleasant flavor to the vegetable, while the cherry leaves prevent the cucumbers getting soft. When the last layer of leaves is added, salted cold water is poured over the whole to the brim, and a piece of wood—leaving a space between it and the sides of the jar for the air to enter—is placed on the top, with a heavy weight to keep the vegetables down. They are eaten with hot meat and much appreciated. Braising is under stood to perfection in France, but as a rule, mutton and beef are generally overcooked when roasted.

Nothing Doing.

A couple of dirty-faced kids stopped in front of the stand of a vender who sells unique toys and began looking his wares over.

"Want something?" asked the man.

"How much is yer rubber balls?" asked one boy.

"Five cents," he said. The boys were silent.

"Maybe you'd like to have this auto?" said the vender, showing another toy.

"It's 15 cents."

To this the boys did not reply. "How about the walking elephant?" asked the man. "I'll let you have it for 25 cents."

The boys said nothing and the merchant showed them half a dozen other toys, quoting prices on them. Finally he grew impatient.

"How much money have you got?" he asked.

"We ain't got no money," came from one boy.

"Well, then, git out," growled the vender. And the boys "got"—Kansas City Times.

Disappointed in Roosevelt.

When President Roosevelt visited the Maine state fair in Bangor, three years ago, people came from all the surrounding towns to get a glimpse of and shake hands with the president.

Women may be vain as peacocks, but for prinking, dandifying vanity, committed me to a pair of foreign war captains. My lords, have you blacked your eyelashes yet, touched your eyebrows, scented and waxed those beautiful mustaches? Sister, can you look and live?"

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## CONGRESS IN SESSION

Joe. G. Cannon of Illinois Elected Speaker of the House.

Washington: The House Monday by a party vote elected Joe. G. Cannon, Illinois, Speaker of the House. His Democratic rival for the place was John Sharp Williams, Mississippi.

Promptly at noon the fifty-ninth congress was called to order. Vice President Fairbanks wielded the gavel in the Senate. Clerk McDowell of the House performed that duty in the House.

The Senate adjourned at 12:20 o'clock out of respect to the memory of the late Senator Platt of Connecticut.

As the hands of the clock pointed to 12 McDowell mounted the Speaker's dais and, bringing his gavel down, declared "The House will come to order."

Rev. Henry N. Cowden, blind chaplain, offered up a prayer for the safety of the members and guidance in their duties.

McDowell then ordered a call of the roll. Miss Alice Roosevelt, accompanied by Frank Lynde of New York, doorkeeper of the House, appeared in the executive gallery.

Hero worshipers were in their glory. They crowded the galleries at the capitol and saw the nation's big men prancing about, seemingly just for their entertainment. It was the opening of Congress, Washington's great annual show. The exhibits were varied and interesting.

On the House side the same kind of a holiday throng overflowed the public and private galleries, the ladies as usual contributing the touch of color to make the picture attractive.

ARMED MAD WOMAN.

Insane Passenger, Pistol Expert, Still Spreads Fear in Girard, Kan.

Girard, Kan.: With a pistol in her hand and a supply of ammunition that seemed inexhaustible, an insane woman, thin, clad, has, since Friday midnight, kept herself locked in the retiring room of a Frisco Railroad car.

In the railroad yards here, firing through windows and transom at anything alive she sees within range.

She has been without food or sleep during three days and nights and the car, which has been out off from the train since Friday midnight, is of the same temperature as the outer air, which is far below the freezing point.

The compartment in which she has locked herself is about three feet square, the retiring room of an ordinary railroad car.

The woman has, in this time, fired over twenty shots and the air in the small compartment, laden with powder fumes, must be close to suffocating.

A definite arrangement has been made for extricating the mad woman from her predicament.